NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE

VOLUME XX., No. 5. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1885. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

SAMUEL CROWTHER, SLAVE-BOY AND BISHOP.

Many books have been written showing how from lowly circumstances men have risen to positions of great honor and usefulness. Perhaps you have read "From Poorhouse to Pulpit," or "From Cabin to White House." The story we are about to tell might be called "From Slave-pen to Bishopric." It is a wonderful story of high attaintments by one of humblest birth.

Some seventy-five years ago, the great supply of slaves for the markets of the world came from the west coast of Africa, and especially from the kingdoms bordering on the Gulf of Guinea. One of these kingdoms is Yoruba, and about a hundred miles inland from what is now the port of Lagos, there lived, in 1821, a family consisting of father and mother and three children, one of them a boy of eleven years, named Adjai. One morning a cry was heard in this rude African village: "The men-stealers are coming!" In the fight which followed, the father fell in defence of his home, and the children and mother were bound together with cords about their necks, and were driven away from their home, which was left a smoking ruin. The mother and baby were allotted to one of the warriors. Adjai and his sister were assigned to a principal chief, but were soon bartered away for a horse. Inasmuch as the horse did not suit the chief, Adjai was taken back, but was subsequently sent in chains to the slave market at Ijaye to be sold. Within a few months he was sold four times, generally being bartered for rum and tobacco. All this time he was in terrible anxiety lest he should be sold to white men and carried off, as so many of the slaves were, to a foreign land. He often purposed to strangle himself, and once actually attempted to throw himself into the river. But God kept him in life, for he had a great use to make of him.

The fourth master of Adjai did sell him to the white men, who put him with the others into the slave barracoons, or sheds, where he lay stifling for four weary months. This was at what is now the flourishing town of Lagos. But one night Adjai and his companions, to the number of 187, were carried on board a slave ship, and stowed away in the hold for the purpose of transportation to Cuba or Brazil. Shortly after the slave-ship went to sea she was captured by a British man-of-war which was seeking to suppress the slave trade, and the slaves were taken on board to be carried to Sierra Leone. But of course these poor creatures did not understand the merciful purpose of their deliverers, and when on board the rescuing ship they were filled with horror at seeing joints of pork and cannon balls about the deck, for they had no other thought than that these were the heads and flesh of murdered negroes, and that it would soon be their turn to be thus cut up.

These freed children were placed at Sierra Leone, in a school under the care of young men, and Adjai was so eager to learn that when the first day's school was over he begged a half-penny and bought an alphabet card for himself. In six months he could read the New Testament well. A little girl with whom he was associated in this school, named Asano afterward became his wife.

After exhibiting marked intelligence and showing evidence of Christian character, Adjai was baptized, in 1825, by the name of Samuel Crowther. He was then taken to England by one of the missionaries, but returned shortly after to Sierra Leone and became a student, and soon an assistant teacher, in what was called the Fourah Bay

BISHOP SAMUEL CROWTHER.

College of the English Church Missionary Society. He was invited to accompany the celebrated Niger expedition, undertaken by the English Government in 1841, the object of which was to explore that important but then unknown river of Africa. The expedition, though it made valuable discoveries was disastrous in its results, for nearly one third of the hundred and fifty persons connected with it died within two months. Mr. Crowther, however, escaped, and in 1843, just twenty-one years after he was put on board the slave-ship, he was ordained clergyman in connection with the mission of the Church of England. His countrymen marvelled as they heard one of their own race preaching in his native Yoruba, and the whole church rang with the cry of "Ke oh sheli!"—"So let it be."

At this time many of the Yoruba-speaking tribes, after suffering greatly from men-stealing wars, had built a city about a hundred miles from Lagos, calling it Abeokuta, and many of the slaves who had obtained their liberty in various parts of Africa made their way back to this their native land. Mr. Crowther was appointed to labor at this city, and went thither with four other Christian Yorubas. In 1846, three weeks after he had reached the city, he met his mother, after a separation of a quarter of a century. In his own journal he makes the following record for August 21, on which day he met her:—

"Thou art the Helper of the [illegible]therless. I have never felt the force [illegible]xt[illegible]ce than I did this day, as I [illegible]at my mother, from about five and tw[illegible] my brother in [illegible]me she trembl[illegible] her own eyes, looking at each [illegible] astonishmen[illegible] amazing ple soc[illegible] she held me by the hand, and called me by the familiar names by which I well remembered I used to be called by my grandmother who has since died in slavery. We could not say much, but sat still, and cast now and then an affectionate look at one another—a look which violence and oppression have long checked—an affection which had nearly been extinguished by the long space of twenty-five years. My two sisters, who were captured with us, are both with my mother, who takes care of them and her grandchildren, in a small town not far from hence, called Abaka. Thus unsought for, after all search for me had failed, God has brought us together again, and turned our sorrow into joy."

It seems that his mother had long given up all hope of seeing her son, having been in slavery herself more than once, though not taken from Africa. She afterward became one of the first fruits of the mission, and was baptized by the name of Hannah, the mother of Samuel.

In Mr. Crowther's journal of August 3, 1849, is this record:—

"This mission is to-day three years old. What has God wrought during this short interval of conflict between light and darkness? We have five hundred constant attendants on the means of grace, about eighty communicants, and nearly two hundred candidates for baptism. A great number of heathen have ceased worshipping their country gods, others have cast theirs away altogether, and are not far from enlisting under the banner of Christ."

We have not room to follow the subsequent life of Mr. Crowther in detail. He prepared a grammar and dictionary of the Yoruba language, and was known as a diligent and thorough scholar. He translated the Bible and school-books into his native tongue, and gave himself unweariedly to efforts to elevate his people. He led a second expedition up the Niger, which was a signal success, making important additions to the geographical knowledge of the world. But he was engaged chiefly in the missionary work, and in 1857 the Niger Mission of the English Church Missionary Society was established. When the English bishop died, no one could be found so fitted for the position as Mr. Crowther, and he was consecrated bishop in 1864. The last report of this mission says that "no other mission started so recently as 1857 can show equal visible results in large congregations of professed Christian worshippers." There are nearly four thousand Christian adherents under the care of this bishop, and though [illegible]people h[illegible]fered much from the [illegible]f their neighbors, [illegible]for the faith. [illegible]ther died only [illegible]w years after [illegible]himself [illegible]man, [illegible]of the

Temperance Department.

TEMPERANCE PHYSIOLOGY.

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND BANDS OF HOPE.

(Published by A. S. Barnes, New York, under the direction of the National W. C. T. U.)

CHAPTER I.—ALCOHOL.

Alcohol is a colorless liquid with a stinging taste; it burns without soot, giving little light, but great heat. It is lighter than water and cannot be frozen.

It is used to dissolve gums, resins, and oils, to make smokeless flames; to take from leaves, roots, barks, and seeds, materials for making perfumes and medicines, and to keep dead bodies from decaying.

People do not usually drink clear alcohol. Rum, whiskey, wine, cider, gin, brandy, beer, etc., are water and alcohol with different flavors. Many million gallons of alcohol in these liquors are drunk every year by the people of this country.

ORIGIN OF ALCOHOL.

Water forms the larger part of the juice of the grape, apple, and other plants. The solid part of green fruits is mainly starch. Under the ripening action of the sun, this starch turns to sugar; this sugar gives us our sweet-tasting fruits and plants, and from such juices, boiled down, we get the sugar used for food.

If this fruit or plant juice is drawn off from its pulp, and then exposed to the open air at summer heart, the sweet part changes, it is no longer sugar, because it has separated into a liquid called alcohol and a gas named carbonic acid. Much of this gas goes off into the air, the alcohol remains in the liquid, changing a wholesome food into a dangerous drink.

ALCOHOL A POISON.*

A poison is any substance whose nature it is, when taken into the body either in small or large quantities, to injure health or destroy life.

Proper food is wrought into our bodies; but poisons† are thrown out of them, if possible, because unfit to be used in making any of their parts.

In large doses, in its pure state, or when diluted, as in brandy, whiskey, rum, or gin, alcohol is often fatal to life. Deaths of men women and children from poisonous doses of this drug are common.

In smaller quantities, or in the lighter liquors—beer, wine, and cider—when used as a beverage, it injures the health in proportion to the amount taken.

WHAT IS A NARCOTIC?

Any substance that deadens the brain and nerves is called a narcotic; for example, ether and chloroform, which are given by the dentist, that he may extract teeth without pain. Alcohol is taken for similar purposes, and is a powerful narcotic.

ALCOHOL AND WATER.

Into a bottle, half full of water, pour alcohol to the top, then shake it well, being very careful not to spill any of the liquid. Now, the bottle is not full. The alcohol has mixed with the water, and it does this wherever it has a chance.

Oil and water will not unite, alcohol and water will always unite.

In our study of the human body, which is seven parts out of eight water,‡ we shall see how alcohol, beginning at the lips, unites with the water in every part of the drinker's body which it reaches, thus robbing it of the needed liquid.

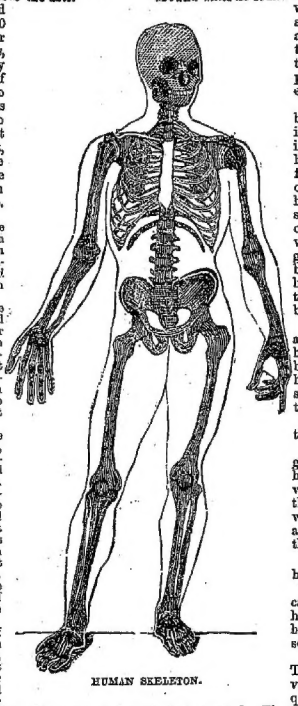
ALCOHOLIC APPETITE.

Like all narcotic poisons, alcohol has the fatal power of creating an increasing appetite for itself, that demands not only more frequent, but stronger and larger doses. The greater its work of ruin, the harder and almost impossible to overcome will be its demand.

The appetite does not gain with equal rapidity upon all; but no one can tell how long he will be satisfied with a little. This craving, so easily formed, and so hard to overcome, clings to its victims. Sometimes after slumbering through years of abstinence it is wakened by the first taste.

"The custom of putting wine and other alcoholic liquors into cooked foods, is a dangerous one, often causing the formation or return of a fearful appetite. The narcotic or deadening effect of alcohol upon the nerves, unfits the drinker to realize his peril, therefore its use, even in small quantities, is a dangerous venture to the user.

In the United States over 60,000 persons every year die as drunkards, that is, are killed by alcohol. None of them expected to become drunkards when they began to drink liquor, but they were ignorant, or careless, of the power of a little alcohol to create an appetite for more.



HUMAN SKELETON.

‡ I took one of the remains of the human body which have been preserved some thousands of years, and which is called an Egyptian mummy.

It was probably the body of one who had been a great priest or ruler; for it had been embalmed or preserved in the most expensive form of embalming and had been enclosed in a tomb which must have cost a small fortune.

I measured the mummy—its length, its girth, and the relative size of its head and limbs and trunk. From these measurements I was able to estimate what would have been the weight of the body when its owner was moving on the earth in the midst of life and health. The weight of the body at that time, I reckoned, would have been 128 pounds.

In the condition of a mummy, in which it was now before me, nothing remained but the dried skeleton or bony framework, and the muscles and other organs completely dried. The body, in fact, had, in the course of ages, lost all its water.

In this state it weighed just sixteen pounds, and, as eight times sixteen are one hundred and twenty-eight, it is clear that seven parts out of eight of the whole body, or one hundred and twelve pounds, had passed away as water. In the remaining weight was included that of the skeleton, which contains but ten percent of water, and some mere remnants of canvas and pitchy substances, which had been used by the embalmers, and which, like the skeleton, still continued perfect.

The soft parts of this human body, by which all its active life, its moving and thinking functions, had been carried on, were, in fact, nearly all removed by the drying process, or loss of water, to which it had been subjected. They had [illegible] by passing into new forms of [illegible] dead substance is also [illegible] open air, but they had [illegible] which once gave them [illegible] pacity for motion.

London.

[illegible]IONS.

[illegible] some of its quali-

[illegible]?

[illegible] a poison? [illegible]s drunk-

*Dr. A. B. Palmer of Michigan University says: "Medical writers admit that by far the most disastrous and frequent cause of poisoning in all our communities is the use of alcohol."

Dr. James Edmonds, of England, says: "The effects of no other common poison are more direct and certain than those of alcohol."

Dr. W. J. Youmans w[illegible] "Alcohol [illegible] a brain poison."

Dr. Alden of Mo[illegible] organ they touc[illegible] son. There is n[illegible] use. They are [illegible] body. They [illegible] sickness

†Into poison into—[illegible] were d[illegible] the co[illegible] alcohol.

NEW SHOES.

"I wonder if there can be a pair of shoes in it?"

Little Tim sat on the ground close beside a very ugly dark-colored stone jug. He eyed it sharply, but finding it quite impossible to see through its sides, pulled out the cork and peered anxiously in,

"Can't see nothin', but it's so dark in there I couldn't see if there was anything. I've a great mind to break the hateful old thing."

He sat for a while thinking how badly he wanted a pair of shoes to wear to the Sunday-school picnic. His mother had promised to wash and mend his clothes so that he might go looking very neat indeed, but the old shoes were far past all mending, and how could he go barefoot?

Then he began counting the chances of his father being very angry when he should find his bottle broken. He did not like the idea of getting a whipping for it, as was very likely, but how could he resist the temptation of making sure about those shoes? The more he thought of them the more he couldn't. He sprang up and hunted around until he found a good sized brickbat which he flung with such vigorous hand and correct aim that the next moment the old bottle lay in pieces before his eyes.

How eagerly he bent over them in in the hope of finding not only what he was so longing for, but, perhaps, other treasures. But his poor little heart sank as he turned over the fragments with trembling fingers. Nothing could be found among the broken bits wet on the inside with a bad smelling liquid.

Tim sat down again and sobbed as he had never sobbed before; so hard that he did not hear a step beside him until a voice said:

"Well, what's all this?"

He sprang up in great alarm. It was his father who always slept late in the morning and was very seldom awake so early as this.

"Who broke my bottle?" he asked.

"I did," said Tim catching his breath half in terror and half between his sobs.

"Why did you?" Tim looked up. The voice did not sound quite so terrible as he had expected. The truth was his father had been touched at sight of the forlorn figure, so very small and so sorrowful which had bent over the broken bottle.

"Why," he said, "I was lookin' for a pair of new shoes. I want a pair of shoes awful bad to wear to the picnic. All the other little chaps wears shoes."

"How came you to think you'd find shoes in a bottle?"

"Why, mamma said so. I asked her for some new shoes and she said they had gone into that black bottle, and that lots of other things had gone into it, too—coats and hats, and bread and meat and things—and I thought if I broke it I'd find 'em all, and there ain't a thing in it—and mamma never said what wasn't so before—and I thought 'twould be so—sure."

And Tim hardly able to sob out the words feeling how keenly his trust in mother's word had added to his great disappointment, sat down again and cried harder than ever.

His father seated himself on a box in the disorderly yard and remained quiet for so long a time that Tim at last looked timidly up.

"I'm real sorry I broke your bottle, father; I'll never do it again."

"No, I guess you won't," he said, laying a hand on the rough little head as he went away, leaving Tim overcome with astonishment that father had not been angry with him.

Two days after, on the very evening before the picnic, he handed Tim a parcel, telling him to open it.

"New shoes, new shoes," he shouted. "Oh, father, did you get a new bottle, and were they in it?"

"No, my boy, there isn't going to be a new bottle. Your mother was right all the time—the things all went into the bottle, but you see getting them out is no easy matter, so I'm going to keep them out after this."—*N. Y. Observer.*

HEART BEATS.

Dr. N. B. Richardson, of London, the noted physician, says he was recently able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar by a simple experiment. The scholar was singing the praise of the "ruddy bumper," and saying he could not get through the day without it, when Dr. Richardson said to him:

"Will you be kind enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?"

He did so. I said, "Count it carefully; what does it say?"

"Your pulse says seventy-four."

I then sat down in a chair and asked him to count it again. He did so, and said: "Your pulse has gone down to seventy."

I then lay down on the lounge and said: "Will you take it again?"

He replied, "Why, it is only sixty-four; what an extraordinary thing!"

I then said: "When you lie down at night that is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon it up it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by sixty and it is 600; multiply it by eight hours, and within a fraction it is 5,000 strokes, different; and as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of 30,000 ounces of lifting during the night."

"When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog, you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting this rest you put on something like 15,000 extra strokes, and the result is you rise up very seedy and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken a little more of the 'ruddy bumper,' which you say is the soul of man below."—*Scientific American.*

THE BAD KNEE.

In the Midland counties there is a large boarding-school for boys. We have seen sixty or seventy of them at their desks, and fine, merry, strong, clean lads they were. No intoxicating drinks whatever are placed on the table, and yet several brewers and wine-merchants send their sons there for education. This proves that even dealers in strong drink do not regard it as essential to their intellectual activity and physical health. Well, one of the young gentlemen had a white swelling on his knee, and was sent home for medical treatment. When the family doctor arrived and examined the limb he evidently thought it a serious case and said—

"What sort of a school are you at?"

"Oh, a jolly school."

"What kind of a master have you?"

"Oh, a jolly master."

"But what sort of a table does he keep?"

"Oh, a jolly table."

"Yes, yes; but what does he give you to drink?"

"Oh, the governor's a teetotaller, he puts nothing but water on the table."

"Then," said the doctor to the patient's anxious mother, "we can save his limb. Do not fear, he will soon get better." And he did so, and he went back to his desk, his games, and his "jolly table"—not less jolly to him now that he knew water-drinking had [illegible] *Mrs. Grace H. McCrea in Union Signal*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ALPHABET OF HEALTH.

A—s soon as you are up shake blanket and sheet.
B—etter be without shoes than sit with wet feet.
C—hildren, if healthy, are active, not still;
D—amp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill.
E—at slowly, and always chew your food well;
F—reshen the air in the house where you dwell.
G—arments must never be made too tight;
H—omes should be healthy, airy and light.
I—f you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt,
J—ust open the windows before you go out.
K—eep your rooms always tidy and clean;
L—et dust on the furniture never be seen.
M—uch illness is caused by the want of pure air;
N—ow to open the windows be ever your care.
O—ld rags and old rubbish should never be kept;
P—eople should see that their floors are well swept;
Q—uick movements in children are healthy and right;
R—emember, the young cannot thrive without light;
S—ee that the cistern is clean to the brim;
T—ake care that your dress is all tidy and trim.
U—se your nose to find if there be a bad drain;
V—ery sad are the fevers that come in its train.
W—alk as much as you can without feeling fatigued.
X—erxes could walk full many a league.
Y—our health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep;
Z—eal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

A DAILY CONSTITUTIONAL.

"I don't know what's the matter with mother. I can't please her."

"I can tell you," said Will's little brother bluntly, "she's cross."

"My—my son," said the father reprovingly, evidently particularly sorry that I, as "company," should hear the boys. Fortunately Will and the truthful James disappeared, and John laid down his paper with a sigh. "I don't know what's the matter," he said, in very much Will's tone—loyal to "mother," yet disapproving of the state of things.

"I do," said I, and I fear John thought I was going to echo the little brother, "I do. She has not been out of this house for three days. If you had been shut up within four walls for two days there would be no living with you. Lizzie bears it better, but even her patience and natural sweetness of disposition give way under the strain."

"What's to be done?" asked John after he had meditated for a moment over Lizzie's sweetness.

"Supper comes next; but as soon as that is over, I would get Lizzie out of the house. I'll put Jim to bed, and you must keep her out in the air for at least an hour."

"She won't go?"

I knew that would be the difficulty. "Have a headache, or some trouble or other, and ask her to go for your sake."

"O, but she's used to my going out alone."

"More shame to you!" I growled, and I hope John withered and shrank inside.

"If you ask her to go I'll see that she accepts."

I then hunted up Lizzie—one woman always knows where to find another after she has been "cross"—and talked in this wise: "Lizzie, you are not only very unhappy yourself, but you are making your children and husband unhappy."

"I know it—I've prayed—" sobbed Lizzie.

"God wants you to obey. There is no use breaking His laws and then praying. Do your praying out in the open air, instead of lying in your bed with your head buried in the pillows. Now, Lizzie, when you and I were girls, you were pretty and I was plain, what does your glass say now."

Lizzie flushed. She had been a pretty woman, but was yellow and faded. She was always too busy to do more than be tidy, and her good looks were almost a thing of the past.

"You have naturally a lovely complexion but the pores of your skin are all stopped up. Try a good dose of fresh air every day and see what a change it will make. Now John is going to ask you to take a walk after tea, and I beg you to go. I'll put Jim to bed, and tell him such a story that he will long for you to go every night. There is the tea bell."

Two hours later my friends came in. Lizzie's cheeks were quite pink from the wind, her eyes looked bright, and she was full of delight over some flowers which John had given her. We drew our chairs together, and talked of women's need of fresh air.

"I never thought of how necessary it is," said John penitently, "and then Lizzie was always too busy."

"And will be again," said Lizzie. "It's no use talking, I can't spare time to go out every day."

Then I held forth, and without giving the exact words, I will state my side of the argument. A woman owes it to her husband and children to keep well, she cannot do so unless she breathes the fresh air of every day. She may not get absolutely ill from housing herself, but she is not at her best. Now one thing that hinders a woman from running out into the air is "dressing." Do let us be independent in this matter! Then, as to time, I know it is difficult to break off from your sewing or housework and run out, and it requires another effort to pick up your work again when you return, but it pays and it is your duty. Choose some certain hour, and as nearly as possible keep to it, except when you are to be out during another part of the day. I know one very busy mother who walks to school with her young daughter every day. She thought she could not possibly spare the time, but her physician persuaded her to try it, and now the strength she has gained makes her able to work so much faster that the half-hour is not missed. Another might find it better to take an evening stroll; it is not quite so good, but it is far better than none at all. Your mind will work better, your appetite be more keen, and the children will not find you "cross" half so often. You can pray to God as you walk the streets. Think over your perplexities in the open air and many of them will vanish. We magnify our own importance when we shut ourselves up at home.—*Sel.*

THE GUEST CHAMBER.

Is there anything in the Bible which appeals to the housekeeper more forcibly than the desire of the Shunamite to prepare a guest chamber for the man of God who sometimes honored her house with his presence?

How simple, yet how comprehensive, were her preparations: "Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall; and let us set for him there a bed and a table and a stool and a candlestick, and it shall be, when he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither."

See how everything essential to the comfort of a guest is remembered—the bed, the table, the seat, the light. Privacy is provided for too. The guest's habits and tastes are considered. He may be alone as much as he pleases and he shall be made thoroughly comfortable in his seclusion.

No home is quite complete in which there is no room for welcome guests. Many homes are so contracted in space that no place can be allotted for what used to be called "the spare room." Yet guests should be entertained, even if the young people of the household are thereby inconvenienced. There is such a thing as letting our comforts make us selfish, and, once in a while, if a young girl or a lad resign the pleasant room which is his or her own in favor of a friend for a day's or a week's occupation, the compensation will be found in character-building. People who never are called upon to make any sacrifice are seldom generous and unselfish.

By all means let us have a guest chamber, if we can, set apart for the uses of hospitality.

Now a word about its furnishing. The taste of the present day will lead us to make it beautiful. Our pretty pictures shall be placed in it; our daintiest shams and spreads shall adorn the couch; our bits of bric-a-brac shall be disposed in pretty ways and places. That is all as it should be.

But let us see to it, friends that the bed itself shall be a comfortable one. Even if we have no lace spread or ruffled and fluted pillow-slips, let there be soft woollen blankets for warmth and additional bed-clothing, either blankets or soft "comforts," in the room, easily to be seen and made available by the visitor. Let the table have a Bible on it, one or two interesting books, and writing materials, and be of sufficient size for use. Let the "stool," if the room be for a lady's occupation, be transformed into a modern rocking chair. And let the "candlestick" stand for plenty of light, so that the guest need not grope about when preparing for bed. There should be matches and a place to deposit the burnt ends thereof.

There should be toilet soap, an abundant supply of water and plenty of towels, with one or two wash-cloths. The towels should not be new nor slippery, as such are a weariness to the flesh. A comb and brush, hand-glass, pins, button-hook and whisk-broom should be accessible in every guest chamber. —*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE INEXPEDIENCY FOR CHRISTIANS OF A SHOWY HOME.

BY MARGARET MEREDITH.

I know a good man who was long in moderate circumstances and has now grown rich. Just lately he moved into a handsome house on a handsome street. There is a contradictoriness in his position which continually strikes me. In the old home he might naturally be thought of as living for God's service, here, not without an effort. Therefore, there he could be strict and yet like others; here not, only by a constant rebuffing of people. The families in this row live high and fast, the new-comers are supposed to do the same, so that a long course of drawing back will be needed to establish the contrary in the public mind. But living in a state of saying "No" is not considered pleasant. Why court it?

It was comparatively easy before to dress plainly. It was comparatively easy to spend money only where it would do most good. The strain of trying to act as a steward of God increases tenfold when this first step into showy living is taken. And, after all, it is chiefly a disadvantage. The older children move into a set of friends less to be desired, at least they do formally, and probably a real change gradually takes place. The little children begin their knowledge of life in the midst of this circle, and no ordinary care can attach them only to the best and truest.

The opportunity for good alliances grows less instead of greater. The sons may or may not succumb to the added glitter of the new acquaintances, but the change more decidedly affects the daughters. The old friends come around, perhaps more than ever, but most of them change their base in coming. They come for friendship, for pleasure, and for social eclat, but put behind them all dream of losing their hearts; for these goddesses, living in elegance, are beyond the reach of young men who can hope for but a very few thousands a year. The sphere of possibilities narrows immediately. Only rich men, or veritable fortune-hunters, will be apt to ask them to leave such a glittering home. The rich ones are few, and no more desirable, man for man; and moreover the girls had very nearly the same chance in that quarter before. Meantime they may be as simple and homespun as ever, and vaguely wonder at the cooler atmosphere which seems to have settled around them.

Where is the good of it? Is anybody a whit better off?—*Morning Star.*

THE DESIRE to live in the cities is an all-pervading one, and it is sad to see it indulged in even by young girls. As shop girls and factory hands their lot is a hard one, the hours are long, the rules oppressive, they usually work in an overheated and impure atmosphere, and are, owing to extreme competition, paid but a mere pittance. In the great and beautiful country are open doors, pure air laden with the perfume of flowers and echoing the songs of birds. Girls in the country are not chained down to a monotony of labor; its variety is rest to weary bones. They are fully as well paid pecuniarily, besides which they gain in physical and moral health. City life is demoralizing and the temptations are many.—*Practical Farmer.*

PUZZLES.

PHONETIC CHARADE.

My first and second a name disclose
That every reader of Sterne well knows;
My last is another, but slightly disguised,
Which Shakespeare's pen has immortalized.
My whole is an ornament, useful and light,
Admired by day, and still more by night.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is an infirm old man like a musical character?

ANAGRAMS.

The bar.
The law.
Yourself.
To love ruin.

A VERY HEARTY BREAKFAST, IN TWENTY-ONE COVERED DISHES.

This morning at breakfast each one had something to say on the topic of feeding tame birds.

"In that field yonder I have gathered from every acre a myriad of insects for my birds," said Su garnishing her remarks with such a shrug as to astonish our friend from Chautauqua. I laughed softly, while Su went on talking and gesticulating.

"If I feed one of them before I do Jack, he will go at me almost as fiercely as a cross parrot; yet he has more droll, sweet, saucy ways than all the others. If I should put on too sombre a dress, he would droop or keep silent till I brightened it up with flowers or gay ribbons; then with a manner that shows his approval he cheers up at once.

"He can be effectually distressed by my pretending to weep; but let any one say: 'beg, Jack; beg good fashion,' and he will twitter most pitifully till I very often feel sorry for having teased him.

"He is not afraid of wind, but terribly frightened by thunder.

"There is a spot at one side of the yard to which he flies the minute I let him out of the cage, where he begins to scratch the enamel on the glazed wall, or to pick leaves from the vines. If I cry out: 'Stop! I expect you will choke yourself with one, you greedy bird,' he will open his bill in this way." And Su mimicked Jack in such a funny way that we laughed till breakfast was over.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

1st = Mar
2nd = tin
3rd = Lut (2 of lute)
4th = her
} MARTIN LUTHER.

ENIGMATICAL AUTHORS.—1. Black-stone. 2. Cow-per. 3. Hood. 4. Gold-smith. 5 John-son. 6. Chau-cer.

ANNEXES.—Ar-Ara-Arab-Arabi-Arabia.

ENIGMA.—Mismanage.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Isaac Utter, Everett D. Stone, J. P. Leeks, and Mabel McLaughlin.

A WELL-DESERVED COMPLIMENT.

Many ladies are mistresses of themselves except in times of emergency, and few there are who at such times are controlled. When a servant accidentally drops a dish, or spills a cup of coffee, or upsets a plate of soup, or when accidents occur by members of the family, there are few ladies who do not speak in a high and agitated tone of voice. Pope expressed his admiration of those who could control themselves at such times, when he wrote of a fine lady of his day, "And mistress of herself though china fall." Gentlemen, as a rule, are far more calm under such circumstances than ladies, and often give a humorous turn to some unfortunate blunder, as for instance, when a gentleman who was carving a turkey which suddenly slipped from the platter and into the lady's lap who sat next him, said, as quick as thought, and in a severe tone, "Madam, I'll thank you for that turkey."

It is certainly far more becoming in every lady to control herself and be calm and collected amid the many accidents and blunders that occur in greater or less number in every family.—*Standard.*

TURKEY FRITTERS.—A good way to use up bits of cold turkey is to cut them in pieces of uniform size, if possible; make a batter of milk and flour and an egg, sprinkle pepper and salt over the cold fowl and mix with the batter, fry as you do any kind of fritters in hot lard, drain and serve hot. This is a good breakfast dish.

...STIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY PANSY.

CHAPTER VII—*Continued.*

Suddenly Christie hopped up, her face bright, and yet doubtful, if you can imagine the two on the same face. She saw a way to do it, if only the "Seaside Library" woman would be good and help. It was very unpleasant to have to ask a favor of her, but Christie was not one to stop at unpleasant things, when they looked as though they ought to be done.

The lady's satchel lay open at her side on the seat. She was fumbling discontentedly through it, looking for something that she did not seem to find. But the thing that Christie saw, was a small white pitcher, lying snugly among the napkins, empty, and waiting, apparently, for work to do.

She went over to her in haste. It would not do to take much time to think about this thing which was so disagreeable.

"Would you be so kind as to lend me the pitcher for a little while to keep baby's milk in? I want to fill the pail with water to bathe the lame foot. It is beginning to swell very much, and I think that will help it. Mother thought it helped father."

A long speech for Christie. The lady looked so very disagreeable that the child felt a nervous desire to keep on talking, and not give her a chance to make a disagreeable answer. But she came to the end of her long sentence at last, and waited.

Wells was laughing. He was almost willing to have his ankle bathed, if it would in any way add to the discomfort of the lady.

For what seemed to poor Christie several long minutes, she stared at her as though she were some unpleasant curiosity that had not been seen before, then said: "I suppose so. What a set I have got among! The insolent boy doesn't deserve to have his ankle bathed! If he had been sitting in the cars as he ought the accident would not have happened. Why can't you throw that slop of milk away, if you want the pail?"

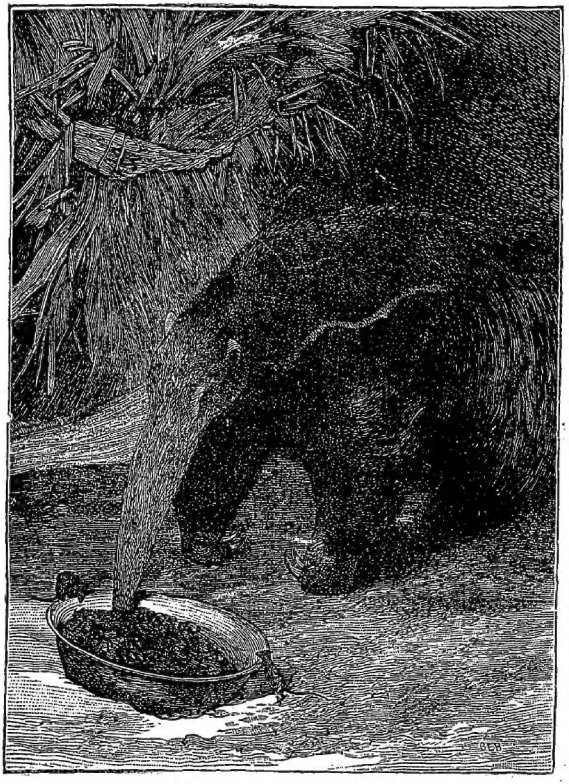
Christie meekly explained her fears the baby might fancy himself hungry when he awoke; and at last, with a disgusted sigh, the lady took the delicate china pitcher from its nest and passed it into Christie's keeping.

"Here," she said. "You will break it, I presume, the next thing; and it belongs to a set. I was a simpleton to bring it, but how was I to know there would be such a nuisance of a time?"

"Oh, thank you!" said Christie. "I will be very careful of it." And she tripped away with a relieved face.

The old gentleman was watching. When the milk was carefully poured into the china pitcher, what did he do but offer to take care of it!

Very grateful was Christie, for while she poured, she had wondered what she should do with the frail china thing, in order to keep it from bumping against the car. To be sure there was no motion now, but there was always the hope that the cars would start.



THE GREAT ANT-EATER.

Next the pail must be washed. For the first time in her life, Christie made her way to the water cooler, which stood in a corner of the car, and managed to learn how to make the water flow. Washing the pail was an easy matter. It was a relief to come to something that she knew just how to do, and had often done before.

She was soon at her work, a neat handkerchief doing duty as a bathing cloth. The sock was carefully, tenderly drawn from the poor swollen foot — not without help from Wells' knife, for the ankle was by this time very unwilling to be touched — and the bathing began. At first Wells' face had a flush on it that was not all caused by pain, It was such a queer thing to have a little girl, and she a stranger to him, bathing his foot. But the cold water felt so pleasant, and the touch of the small hand was so gentle and skilful, that gradually a feeling of relief and satisfaction began to steal over him.

"I did not know there was so much good in water," he said, watching her as she steadily passed her cool cloth up and down the foot.

Water is real wonderful," said Christie. "Mother says that half the people in the world don't know what a splendid doctor it is. Sometimes she uses it real hot, and it will stop a pain in a few minutes. Hot water would be good for your foot if we could get some. I wish we could, for I am most sure that it would make this swelling go down faster."

"We might split some pieces off the side of the car, and start a fire. I could whittle some off, maybe, or the old gentleman would. No, he can't leave his pitcher of milk. But the young man hasn't anything to do; we might try him. I have some matches in my pocket."

By this time he had to stop and laugh over the bewildered look on the little nurse's face.

"I beg your pardon," he said, seeing the flushed cheeks. "I'm afraid it sounds like making fun of you, and that is the last thing I am thinking of, I can tell you. I was only thinking that you had done so many things to-day that seemed impossible, perhaps you would manage a fire, to heat water. You can't think how nice the cold water feels. I hate to have you down there mussing over me. You are getting drops of water over your pretty dress, I'm afraid among us we shall manage to spoil all your clothes. But my foot feels fifty per-cent better. I can tell you somebody who will be very much obliged to you for this morning's work, and that's my mamma."

Said Christie, "Isn't it nice that the baby sleeps all this while? If he should waken before I get your foot bandaged, I don't know what I should do!"

The distressed tone of motherly anxiety in which she said this, set Wells off into another laugh. He thought her the strangest little girl he had ever seen in his life. The truth was, that he was not acquainted with any little girls who knew how to do things which are supposed to belong to women. But Christie had been her mother's oldest daughter, and her only helper in the home for so many years, that she had learned many things, and had a fashion of planning beforehand, very much as her mother did.

"Bandaged!" repeated Wells when his laugh was over. "Why what will you bandage it with? I should say that was about as hard to manage as a fire."

"Oh, no! I didn't know what you meant about making a fire. I'm sure there is fire enough in the stove; if I could make a place on the stove to set this pail I could have hot water; but I really can't do that. A bandage, though, from somewhere we must have. You see the foot must be bandaged now that it has been wet; mother thinks they swell more after wetting, unless they are bound up pretty tight. I have one other handkerchief, but it is small; still it would make a beginning, and I suppose you have one, and the old gentleman maybe has two, men often have; I think we can get enough to make quite a nice bandage."

"Are you really going through the car to take up a collection of

handkerchiefs for my benefit!" Wells was so amused that he could hardly speak the words, but Christie looked perfectly sober,

"Why not?" she said. "Anybody who had one would give it for such a thing, you know. And it is really necessary. Mother was very particular about it when father had a sprain."

"Well! I suppose you will do it. I think you would do anything that it happened to come into your head ought to be done; but I beg you to ask each of the contributors for their addresses, for I shall want to express a few handkerchiefs to them, if this train ever does reach the city."

In due course of time Christie did just that thing. She went timidly over to the old gentleman and told him her plan. She did not like to do it, but it seemed the next thing to be done, and as she walked along, she remembered that she had not liked to do one of the things that had come to her since she stopped the train; yet they had all turned out well, so far. Even the china pitcher was doing its duty as nicely as though its owner had been willing to lend it.

The old gentleman was delightful. He shook out two of the largest and finest cambric handkerchiefs that Christie had ever seen. It did seem a pity to tear them, but he gave them up as though it was a pleasure to him to think of their being torn in bits,

The young man was equally ready, and more able, for he opened his case, and produced three or four, which Christie saw with joy, for she need not go to the owner of the pitcher.

"How are you going to fasten the pieces?" he asked as he spread out the handkerchiefs and prepared to help tear them. "Pins will scratch, and besides will not make a smooth bandage. Take care, you are getting that one too wide; bandages are nuisances unless they fit nicely. What shall we do about the sewing? I suppose you haven't a workbox with you?"

"Not quite," said Christie, laughing, and feeling as though she were acquainted with him, "but I have something that will do to sew bandages. I had a necktie to hem for father, and I took it along for work to-day at my uncle's. The only trouble is it is black silk, and I ought to have white thread, but it will do."

"Of course it will do," her new friend said heartily. Did you ever read fairy stories? There is one about a little woman who had in her pocket, or in her mouth, or her shoes, somewhere about her, just the thing that was wanted next. I didn't know that fairies travelled on the cars, but I believe you must be her cousin at least."

"I wonder if you should like some help in putting this bandage on? I have done such things before now, and I think perhaps my hands are a little stronger than yours."

"Oh!" said Christie, relieved, and smiling, "I am so glad. I didn't know how it would get on, I tried once to bandage father's foot, and I did not do it well at all; but I thought I must do the best I could this time, and maybe it would last until he got to the city. Are you a doctor, sir?"

"Not quite; I am only studying, with the hope of being one sometime. You did not know you were a teacher as well as a fairy, did you?"

"I?" said Christie, looking greatly astonished.

"You. I have been watching you all the morning, and I concluded just now, that it was time I roused myself and began to think of something besides my own great disappointment. I suppose I shall reach the city just as soon if I help to bandage that foot as though I sat here and looked at my watch, and longed for the train to start."

The sentence ended with a little sigh, and the anxious look came back to his pale face as he skilfully rolled the bandage into a hard little ball.

"I am very sorry for you," said Christie gently; "I do hope you will get to the city in time! and I can't help thinking that you will."

There was such a confident little note in her voice that he glanced at her curiously

"Do your fairy powers reach in that direction?" he asked, smiling just a little. "Could you wave your wand, do you think, and make this train start on its way?"

She shook her head, smiling, yet with a serious mouth.

"Nobody ever thought of such a thing as calling me a fairy; I'm only Christie Tucker; but I prayed to God to let you get to the city as quick as he could, and to let your friend get well. And I cannot help thinking that he will do it. I know he will if it is best."

"How did you find that out?"

"Why," said Christie, puzzled how to answer this, yet feeling that it ought to be answered, "of course He will. He said so, you know. Or, well, he said so about some people. Are not you one of them, sir?"

"One of whom?"

"One of the people who love God? He said he would make everything come just right to the people who love him. And he never breaks a promise, you know."

"Look here, little woman that lady over there who is tearing a letter into bits, has not been very polite to you I have noticed, and I suppose she doesn't love you nearly as well as your mother does, for instance; but suppose you knew that her sister was very sick, and that she was anxious to get to her; if you could wouldn't you make this train go on as fast as possible, so as to give her a chance to get to the city?"

"Yes, sir," said Christie unhesitatingly, "I would of course."

"Then you are better than God? You see he doesn't do it."

Christie considered this for a moment, then said:

"But I might make a dreadful mistake. Perhaps two trains would run into each other, or it might be all wrong in some way. You see, God knows how to do things, and I don't."

"Ah, but if you knew how to do things, you could plan so that it would be best. This is what you say God does for those who love Him, and I am showing you that you would do it for those who don't love you, and are therefore making yourself out to be better than God. Don't you see?"

Christie looked distressed. What she saw, was, that this man needed to have somebody explain things to him. He did not disturb her faith, but how was she going to show him that God was good to all?

She thought it over in silence, while he still rolled at the bandage, which showed a perverse desire to twist, and needed care from her watchful fingers all the time.

At last she said timidly, "I know there is a way to explain, but I don't know how to do it. If you knew our minister, he could tell you. Don't you think, though, that some people won't let God do the best for them? He wants them to choose to love him, and then he can take care of them and see that everything comes out all right. Our minister told me about it. There was a little boy living at Mr. Briggs', that came all the way from the Home for Little Wanderers in New York. Mr. Briggs took him to work on the farm. His name is Johnnie, and our minister said: 'What if Johnnie should run away, and refuse to live with Mr. Briggs, could he be taken care of as he would have been if he had stayed with the man who had promised him a home?' He said a great deal more, and made it real plain. If you could talk with him, I know he could make you understand; but I am only a little girl."

"You are a very good little girl," he said gently, "and whether I understand things as you do or not, I thank [illegible] praying for me. That [illegible] do me any harm, I [illegible] Now we will go an[illegible] fitting the bandage [illegible] foot."

(To be con[illegible]

TH[illegible]

[illegible] may say for the [illegible]eater, we certainly cannot [illegible]n handsome. The long sn[illegible]nd those prominent claws, are decidedly ugly; but he would be sorry to part with them, for they help him to secure his food. Let us take a peep at him, not as he is at the Zoo,—as shown in our picture,—but in his native land. Far away in Brazil and in the swampy savannahs of South America the ant-eater is at home.

What are these little mounds on the ground? These are the *tumuli* as the houses of the white ants are called. Very well built and substantial residences they are. But that does not secure them from destruction by one scratch of the ant-eater's formidable claw. Then as the ants run hither and thither in dismay, they are quickly caught on the long tongue of their foe, and gobbled down, multitudes of them being eaten at one meal. Well, they can be easily spared, for they are most destructive little things.

A gentleman once tamed a young female ant-eater, and taught it to eat meat and fish, which had to be chopped up very small, as ant-eaters have no teeth. It was an affectionate pet, and would run about after its master, or any one to whom she had taken a fancy, with its long nose close to the ground, so as to find them by the scent, for its sense of smell was remarkably strong, though the eyesight was weak. The poor little creature did not live to grow up. It always seemed bitterly cold, though it was kept wrapped up in a blanket; and at length it pined away and died.

THE PRAYER may be short, but if it come hot from the heart of one in the thick of the battle; will it not reach the ear to which it is sent? A few words—Lord save us! we perish—roused up the Redeemer to save his disciples from the devouring sea. Ah! these prayers of men that struggle are dear to Him that hear them; they consecrate a life, they make a man's heart a very church or temple in which worship is continually offered. These are not days when the more useful minds can find leisure for much retirement and self-communing. But to carry the praying heart about with us into all that our hands find to do is the special need of our time.—*Archbishop of York.*

TO DELIGHT in giving unto the Lord is as much to be cultivated [illegible]s to delight in prayer or in speak[illegible]in a season of [illegible]ledge of the [illegible]d truths of [illegible]it in spirit, *[illegible]orth Carolina*

The Family Circle.

A PRAYER.

Plan thou my path, O Lord,
And let me see
No future good or ill
Not best for me.
Go with me through the dark,
And through the light:
Thy presence will suffice
For deepest night.

The child doth never fear
Though storms betide,
Whoever nestles near
His father's side:
Oh, in the storm of life,
Let me not stray
Beyond thy loving care
Through all the way.

And when I have fulfilled
Thy perfect will,
And thou dost to the storm
Say, Peace be still;
Be with me when friends watch
My latest breath,
And guide me through the calm
That we call death.

—*Ex.*

A SEED OF TRUTH.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

"Where is papa this evening?" asked little Janet Aylmer, looking round the drawing-room as if in search of him.

"Gone *out*," said an elder sister, who was reading in an arm-chair.

"Where has he gone, mamma?" was the next question.

Mrs. Aylmer was also reading, but she glanced up at her little daughter with a tender smile as she answered—

"He has gone to a meeting, dear, where he is to make a speech, and he will not be home until his little girls are in bed and fast asleep."

"Minna will be asleep, perhaps, but I always hear the door open and shut," said Janet with dignity, as she sat down on the floor at her mother's side. Mrs. Aylmer stroked the little girl's hair, and went on reading to herself.

"What are you reading, mamma?"

"A book on the same subject as that which your papa is going to speak about to-night, dear."

"Oh, I know," said Janet. "About temperance. Is it an interesting book?"

"Very interesting," replied her mother. And then there was a long pause.

Presently, however, Mrs. Aylmer roused herself to say,

"Have you nothing to do, Janet dear? Where is Minna? Why don't you have a good game together?"

"I left Minna in the nursery," said Janet slowly. "She wouldn't play at what I wanted, so I came down-stairs. But she said she would come too, by-and-by."

"What did you want to play at?"

"It is such a nice game," said Janet, with a sigh. "It was to be a meeting, and all the dolls were to be people listening to a lecturer, and I was to have been the lecturer and Minna to take the chair, and the two boy-dolls were to come and sign the pledge."

Mrs. Aylmer could not forbear a smile. "And what did Minna want to play at?" she asked. But before an answer could be given, the door was burst open unceremoniously, and a little maiden of seven years old dashed into the room with as much noise as her tiny hands and feet could make. She was round, and short and fair; she had wide-open blue eyes, light curly locks, and rosy cheeks—in fact, she presented the strongest imaginable contrast to her nine-year old sister Janet, who was tall for her age, thin, dark and angul[illegible] ex her with some disf[illegible] tumble over a r[illegible] the floor, tight[illegible] in her fat arms [illegible] any harm.

She did not however, for a cry, shook out her frock, and backed against the door to shut it.

"Gently, darling," said her mother, "do you want Janet?"

"Yes, I'll play at her game now," said Minna. "Come along Janet, you've got to be the—the lec—lecshur, haven't you?" Minna's speech was not as yet quite perfect, and the word "lecturer" was quite beyond her. "Come and play. I'll take the chair." And Minna solemnly planted herself in the biggest chair in the room.

Janet rose without much alacrity, and began to play, but the game proved to be one of such absorbing interest that her face soon grew bright and happy, and the two little sisters had a very merry time together, while their mother and elder sister quietly pursued their own occupations.

Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer had long been engaged in furthering the work of the Temperance League at every opportunity. Mr. Aylmer was in great request as a speaker at public meetings, and Mrs. Aylmer had written much and successfully upon the subject. Their house was situated in a very central part of London, and was sufficiently large and convenient to afford ample space for drawing-room meetings, committee-meetings, and all other kinds of meetings for the welfare of the cause in which they were interested. Thus it happened that the children of the family knew a great deal more about the subject of temperance and the evils of drunkenness than most children, and were profoundly interested in it too. Even their childish games consisted often in imitation of the meetings held by their elders, and it was on these occasions that Janet would repeat the facts and arguments that she had overheard, with an earnestness and precision that sometimes almost startled her hearers.

When Minna had gone to bed on the evening of which we speak, Janet came down from the footstool where she had been standing to address the assembled dolls, and uttered a deep sigh.

"What is the matter, darling?" said Mrs. Aylmer. "Are you tired?"

"No, mamma," said Janet, crossing the room to her mother's side: "at least, I am tired of making believe so much."

"How Janet?"

"The dolls can't understand what I say," continued Janet plaintively, "and they couldn't drink if they wanted to, and Minna is much too young to care. Yet what I tell them is all true, isn't it, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, I was listening to you. You remember what papa said the other evening very nicely."

"But what is the good of remembering it?" said Janet, in a sort of passion of impatience; "What is the good of telling it to the dolls, mamma? I want to do something real."

"Plenty of time for that," said her mother. "When you are older, you will find more work ready to your hand than you have time to do."

"Then why shouldn't I begin at once?"

"Patience, darling. You are beginning when you take an interest in this great work that we are trying to do, when you pray for all the people who do it, when you help me to sort out tracts and books for distribution, when you go to your Band of Hope meeting and help the children to sing the pretty temperance hymns—in all these ways you are helping, and doing 'something real.'"

"I believe you would like to speak at meetings, like papa," said Janet's elder sister, looking up from her book and laughing. She often did laugh at Janet, and the child reddened and turned appealingly to her mother.

"No, mamma, you know I shouldn't like that. But I should like to write books and verses as you do, for I know you do such a lot of good. When I grow older mayn't I write books, too, mamma?"

"If you can, darling, certainly you may." "How old were you when you began to write stories, mamma?"

Mrs. Aylmer laughed. "I was not very old," she said; "I wrote stories for my own am[illegible]ment when I was only your age."

[illegible] said Janet rather over-awed. And [illegible]ll a-pondering.

[illegible]e looked up with rather a dis[illegible]

[illegible] says I am dreadfully back[illegible] writing and spelling. My [illegible]king, she says. I'm afraid [illegible] story or a tract, nobody [illegible]read it, the writing would be so bad." And the tears came into Janet's dark eyes.

"You must try and improve," said her mother gently. "You want to do too much at once, little Janet. Taking pains with your writing and spelling is one of the ways in which you may fit yourself for higher work by-and-by. Don't despise little things. And now good-night, for Minna will not go to sleep until you are with her."

So Janet went off to bed quieted and comforted by her mother's words, as well as by a new idea that had occurred to her—an idea which she did not like to unfold in the presence of her critical sister Kathleen, but which was destined to bear fruit afterwards in unexpected ways.

For the next few days she was seen to be very busy. She crept into corners with pencil and paper, and sat there alternately writing and staring before her with wistful eyes and chin supported by her hand. "Webster's *Dictionary*" was not far off at such times, neither was a bundle of tracts and stories which Mrs. Aylmer had given into the children's charge for distribution among the scholars of Kathleen's class in the Sunday-school. Sometimes she would beg to be told how to spell a long word, and sometimes she would be seen tearing up her pieces of paper and committing them to the flames, as if she were tired of her work or dissatisfied with what she had done. But no one was taken into her confidence, and her sisters were so well accustomed to "Janet's odd ways," as they called them, that these actions did not excite any particular attention. Only her mother wondered what was passing in the child's mind, but she waited patiently, knowing that the time would soon come when her little daughter would tell her about it.

But one unlucky morning the discovery was made all too soon. Mrs. Aylmer was busy in her little sitting-room, which was separated from the drawing-room by folding doors. Suddenly she heard the sound of raised voices of laughter, then of something very like a scream and a sob. She opened the folding-doors and looked in.

A visitor had appeared on the scene, none other than Mr. Aylmer's youngest brother—Uncle Sidney, as the children called him. He was only three-and-twenty—five years older than his eldest niece, Kathleen—and had always been more like a playfellow than an uncle to the young Aylmers. His coming was greeted with shouts of joy, and was generally the signal for games and merrymaking of all kinds. He did not come very often, although he did not live far from Mr. Aylmer's house, but the fact was that Sidney Aylmer had been brought up by his grandfather on a totally different system from the one of which his elder brother approved, and the consequence was that he had learned to scoff at self-denial and self-restraint, that he had no sympathy with the methods by which Mr. Aylmer and his friends were trying to suppress vice and implant habits of temperance and sobriety among the people, especially the poor, with whom they came in contact, and that he declared that a good education and a strong will was quite sufficient to prevent a man from giving way to temptation. These opinions formed something like a barrier between him and his brother's family, and it was comparatively seldom that he came, as on the present occasion, to spend a whole day with them.

Mrs. Aylmer watched and listened for a moment. Sidney was laughing heartily and Kathleen was speaking to Janet, whose flushed cheeks and flashing eyes showed that she did not consider the matter so lightly as her sister and uncle seemed to do.

"Come, Janet, let us see it," Kathleen was saying. "You have been writing it so long that it must be ready for publication now."

"No, no, no!" cried Janet; "it isn't ready; you shan't see it, give it me back. I will have it back," and she made a frantic clutch at the paper that Kathleen held in her hand.

"Give it her back, Kathleen," said Uncle Sidney, laughing. "Don't tease the poor child."

"No, let us read it first," said Kathleen, mischievously. "Now, Jenny, shall I begin?"

Janet burst into an angry flood of tears; and at that moment Mrs. Aylmer advanced into the room.

In a short time quietness was restored. Janet was comforted by regaining possession of her treasured papers, and sent away to recover calmness in the nursery, while Kathleen was gently reproved for inconsiderateness.

"But mamma, she has been so ridiculous," said Kathleen, excusing herself hastily. "When she was asked what she was writing, she said it was a temperance tract—as if such a mite as Janet could write anything worth reading! She is merely wasting her time and growing conceited."

Mrs. Aylmer made a quiet remark on the beauty of patience and kindliness, which rather discomfited her daughter. Kathleen was not of an unloving disposition, and the idea that she had been thoughtless and unkind soon sent her in search of little Janet, whom she petted and comforted until the child's grievance was forgotten. Meanwhile Sidney was left alone with Mrs. Aylmer.

"I wonder what the monkey has been writing," he said, as he stooped to pick up one of the torn and crumpled scraps of paper which had been dropped in the skirmish. "Is it a breach of confidence to read these few lines? I should like to know what she has been after."

Mrs. Aylmer took the paper from him and read what was written on it, then returned it to him with a smile.

"Certainly," she said. "I will tell Janet we have seen it, and I think she will not mind."

So Sidney read aloud the written words; blotted, confused, almost obliterated as they were, he was able only with difficulty to decipher them.

"Bad people drink too much wine and spirits." Thus Janet's childish essay began. "I should like to tell them how naughty it is of them to do so. Some people say they cannot stop drinking, or doing anything bad, when they have once begun. But that is not true. God's Holy Spirit always helps people to do right and to leave off doing wrong, if they ask for it. He would make them able——"

And there the words stopped abruptly, and the paper was torn across.

Sidney Aylmer looked up with a smile. "You have taught her well," he said rather mockingly. Her father himself could hardly preach better. What will you make of her when she grows up—a female lecturer?"

"I hope she may always be as earnest as she is now," said Mrs. Aylmer.

"Her zeal has been too early kindled," said her young brother-in-law. "It will wear itself out before she is fifteen."

"I trust not," said Mrs. Aylmer. But she could say no more, for the door opened to admit an invasion of the two younger children, Willy and Baby, from the nursery, and her attention was thenceforth absorbed by them. She did not notice that Sidney carefully folded up the piece of paper and thrust it into his pocket.

She did notice, however, that he was unusually silent for the rest of the day, and that instead of romping with the children, he was found several times to have fallen into the deepest of brown studies, from which he had to be roused by sundry repetitions of his name and many playful shakes and nudges.

In the course of the afternoon he drew Janet into a corner and took her on his knee.

"Shall I tell you a secret, Janet?" he said.

"Please, uncle Sidney."

"Well, then, I read part of your temperance tract."

"Oh, uncle Sidney."

"Don't you think you wrote what was true? Don't you believe it all?"

"Yes," said Janet, looking astonished.

"Then, little girl, you must not be ashamed of what you wrote."

"I'm not ashamed of what I meant," said Janet coloring; "but I am ashamed of the bad writing, and the bad spelling, and all that. Miss Merton says it is disgraceful for a girl of my age." And Janet's tone grew sad.

"Never mind the writing and the spelling," said Sidney. "I am thinking of what you meant. You believe it all, Janet?"

"Please would you tell me what part you read?" said Janet, timidly.

Sidney drew out the paper and held it before her eyes. She blushed deeply as she read it, but answered with more firmness than he expected—

"It's quite true, uncle Sidney."

"But suppose I don't believe it?" said uncle Sidney.

He was not prepared for the look of utter incredulity and amazement with which she met his eyes.

"You must believe it, uncle Sidney. You don't mean what you say," she cried in breathless haste.

"I do mean it, Janet. Why should I believe it?" he said, with so strangely dark an expression in his usually merry eyes that Janet shrank back alarmed. "But it's no use saying so to you, is it? Never mind, child; we won't talk of it. Where's Minna?"

"But uncle Sidney, which part of it don't you believe?" said Janet eagerly. "Have I made any mistake! See here, *it is* bad to drink too much, isn't it? It is naughty for people, isn't it?"

"I *suppose it is*," said her uncle lightly, "though what you have to do with it is more than I can say."

Janet did not heed this remark. She was looking at her paper.

"'People say they cannot stop'—that's true, isn't it?"

"Perfectly true."

"And this about God helping people, of course that is true," said Janet, looking at him with her earnest dark eyes. "I have known that ever since I knew anything. He always helps those who pray to Him."

"Does he?" was on Sidney's lips to say; but he could not say it in presence of the child's simple trust. He sat silent, and little Janet was quick to read the meaning of that bitter silence.

"You don't mean that—I have not said anything wrong there, have I?—*you* know that He helps people!"

"Nay, not I!" was Sidney's answer, given almost before he knew that he had spoken. He was sorry he had said it, and half afraid of the effect upon poor little Janet. She turned quite white with astonishment, and could not speak for some minutes. And then Minna came up, and claimed his aid in a game. So the opportunity of speaking was lost for that time at least.

But Janet slipped out of the room, and perhaps she had a little talk with her mother for by-and-by she came back in her hat and jacket as if she were going out for a walk, and Mrs. Aylmer followed and asked if uncle Sidney would be kind enough to take care of her. For Janet was going to carry a little present to a poor woman's house, and Mrs. Aylmer did not like her to go alone.

Sidney was somewhat puzzled as to the reason why he should be asked to go. But when he was in the street his niece told him why.

"Uncle Sidney," she said, "I didn't tell mamma what we were talking about, because I wasn't quite sure whether I understood it rightly or not."

This was one of Janet's wise little speeches which often made her sister laugh. Uncle Sidney did not laugh, however, he only took her hand in his, and held it fast.

"Good little woman," he said. "But tell mamma all about it if you like. She will understand."

"You don't like talking about temperance, do you, uncle Sidney."

"I don't care for it much, certainly."

"Then will you be angry," said Janet with a vivid blush, "if I take you to a house where you are quite sure to hear something about it?"

"Certainly not. So you have been laying plots, have you, Miss Janet? You fancy you will make me a teetotaler like yourself eh?"

"Do you think it would be bad for you to be one?" asked Janet simply.

Something in the phrase struck home. Sidney Aylmer's face changed, and a sigh issued from his lips as he answered—

"Perhaps not, little one, perhaps not. Too late now!" but the last words were addressed rather to himself than to her.

They stopped at the door of a poor little house in a back street. Sidney noticed as he passed in that everything about it was beautifully clean. They entered an inner room, where several persons were sitting or standing; and these persons were introduced by Janet to her uncle with anxious courtesy.

"This is Mrs. Dean, uncle Sidney, who washes my frocks so nicely. (This is my uncle Sidney, Mrs. Dean.) And this is Mrs. Dean's husband having his tea, with little Jimmy on his lap. And this is Granny, Mrs. Dean's husband's mother. And the children's names are Mary, Jane, and Amelia. Mamma has sent this black currant jelly, Mrs. Dean, for Amelia's throat, please, and a cake for Jimmy."

The visitors were gladly welcomed, and uncle Sidney showed no objection to a seat in the midst of this friendly family. He began to talk to "Mrs. Dean's husband," who was a fine, healthy-looking, brown-bearded man, and got on with him capitally. Before long, James Dean's tongue was loosened, and he was discoursing gravely upon the prospects of trade and the coming winter. He seemed to be a very intelligent man, and Sidney listened to him with pleasure as well as curiosity. Meanwhile Janet sat silent, or spoke a word or two to little Jimmy. Suddenly the color came into her face. What was James Dean saying? She listened more eagerly than ever.

"Well, yes, sir, I'm doing pretty well now but I thought it was near over with me some three years ago, didn't I, Mary?"

"How was that?" said Sidney. "Were you ill?"

"Well, no, sir—not to say ill. It was the drink, sir, that had got such a hold on me, *that though I knew it was ruining me body* and soul, I couldn't give it up."

"Ah," said Sidney, rather dryly. "But you were never an habitual drinker, I suppose?"

"It had a tight grip of me, sir. It wasn't many nights in the month that I came home sober. We lived down Bilder's Alley then—mayhap you know the sort of place."

Sidney nodded. The Deans' present abode was a perfect Paradise compared to the houses that he had seen in Bilder's Alley.

"And Mary there," continued James Dean, "she hadn't scarce a gown to her back, nor bread to give the children, for all my wages went in drink. You can ask the neighbors, sir; they knew of me, though they *hadn't much to say to me about here* —they was a cut above me,—and they'll tell you that there wasn't a worse drunken brute than me when the fit was on me in all London. It's the truth, sir, God forgive me!"

"But it's wonderful how he's mended since then," said Mrs. Dean, eagerly. "He don't touch nothing stronger than coffee, now, sir, and that's why we're so comfortable."

"Ay, but it was a hard fight," said James Dean, shaking his head.

"And what made you give it up?" asked Sidney. "Some temperance meeting or lecturer?"

"It might ha' done, sir, but I never went near them. No; it was this way. I came home one night soberer than usual, as I had just lost my place, and was thinking what a fool I'd been. And I see my wife on her knees by a chair. 'Come, Mary,' says I, 'get up. What are you doing there?' 'Oh, James,' she says, 'I've been praying that God would make you see the bad ways you've fallen into, and give you grace to mend them.' She looked half frightened when she'd said it, but I was low-spirited. I didn't abuse her as usual, but I said quiet like—'Too late, Mary. I couldn't give up the drink now if I wanted to. It's got too firm a hold on me.' 'God's stronger than it, James,' she said. 'If you asked Him to help you, He would.' 'You may ask Him for me,' says I. And then she went down on her knees again, but all she did was to burst out crying; and before I hardly knew what I was after, I was down on my knees a-crying too."

"And what then?" said Sidney, for the man stopped short to brush away a tear which had started at the remembrance of that voiceless prayer.

"What then, sir? Why, it burst upon me like a flash of lightning, what a brute-beast I'd been making of myself. And the worst was, I felt I had no strength to resist the temptation, and that I should want the drink as much as ever next morning. So I prayed the Lord to give me His help sir; and He did."

"How?"

"I can't rightly say how," answered James Dean, reverently; "but I know that for His sake I was enabled to say 'No' when the temptation was the strongest, and but for Him I should never have got through with it. It's three years ago now, and I trust I shall hold on to Him to the end."

Sidney Aylmer was silent for some little time.

"You are fortunate," he said at length, "to have found a motive strong enough to influence your will."

"Bless you, sir," said James Dean, only half comprehending, "hadn't I motives enough, with wife and children and all depending on me? It wasn't motives as did it, sir—it was God's grace."

"Perhaps so," murmured Sidney to himself. Janet heard him, though the Deans did not.

"Well, little woman," said the uncle to his niece, when they were walking home; "so you let me in for a lecture, did you?"

"I thought you wouldn't mind, Uncle Sidney," said the child.

"And that man uses your argument, too, Janet—that Divine strength is given to those who ask for it."

"Yes," said Janet.

"If it is true," said Sidney, musingly, "one might be able to make a new start—"

He broke off with something like a sigh. Janet did not venture to speak again, and they walked on quietly until they reached Mr. Aylmer's house.

"You'll come in, Uncle Sidney," said Janet, beseechingly.

"Not now, dear, I'll come another day." And as the front door was opened, he bent down and kissed Janet's forehead.

"*I won't forget your tracts, little Janet,*" he said, with rather an incomprehensible smile.

Janet wondered what he meant. And when she told her mother all the story, she found that Mrs. Aylmer was well content with it, but advised her not to puzzle her brains over everything Uncle Sidney said.

"But I don't mean to write another tract," said Janet, gravely.

"No, dear. I would wait till you are older."

"I wish Uncle Sidney would come and see us again," Janet sighed, impatiently.

It was some time before he came, however. And when at last he did appear, it was not to Janet, but to his elder brother that he paid a visit.

He had something of a confession to make. He had been led astray by evil companions, and had involved himself in money difficulties which were less grievous indeed than the bad habits he had also contracted, but which, nevertheless, gave him much anxiety and care. And until his talk with Janet, he had thought that the chain of evil custom was too strong ever to be broken. But her earnest belief in God's willingness to help, as well as James Dean's testimony to the power of prayer, carried hope to his heart. In the presence of the need he felt of some outward constraining motive for action, his avowed disbelief fell from him like a garment. And now he had resolved to lead a better life, and his first cry was for that guidance, that help, that Divine strength in which he had learnt his first lesson from the lips of little Janet.

Janet did not know how much she had done for him. Her parents begged Sidney to give her no hint of the use her work had been, and it was better so, for even in Janet's simple heart some seed of vanity and self-complacency might easily have been planted by her uncle's gratitude. It was only to Kathleen that Mrs. Aylmer pointed the moral.

"See," she said, "what Janet in her childish faith has done. And yet you tried to hinder her, Kathleen."

"She is such a child," said Kathleen, only half convinced.

"Yes, a child," said her mother, "but 'even a child is known by his doings, whether they be pure and whether they be right.' She has done what we have tried to do for years in vain. The little seed of God's truth which she had been so anxious to cast forth has indeed sprung up and brought forth a hundredfold."

A hundredfold, indeed, as many would have said in after years had they known Sidney Aylmer's story. As a rule he was known less by his own words than by the many deeds of kindness and pity that grew to be associated with his name. But one hardly dares to think of what he might have been, had he never listened to Janet's simple words: "God always helps those who pray to Him."—*Temperance Mirror.*

A PIECE OF MOTHER'S CAKE.

BY REV. PETER STRYKER, D. D.

In visiting the city hospital of Minn a few weeks ago, I found in one charity wards a young girl abo years old. She had come hithe fore from her home in Dakot away. Suffering from so disease, she sought in the hospit which she could not obtain e

She seemed bright and cheer she was not a professing Chr her mother was, and the Christian mother said to home were, "Mary, do every day."

By her side was a c

it was seed early sown in her he[art] not. So I quoted some sw[eet] omise in her hearing, and saying I wo[uld] see her soon again, I arose to depart.

"Is there anything you especially need or desire?" I inquired.

"They are very kind to me here," she replied. "I have plenty of good food, but sometimes I wish I had a piece of mother's cake."

So I went to one of our good church people living near the hospital—herself a mother, and very kind-hearted—and told her the story. She was deeply interested in the case, and said she would go to see her and take her a bit of mother's comfort if not of mother's cake.

Here is a special opportunity for gentle *woman to exercise her gifts.* Let her show her sympathy and love. A few kind words and a bunch of flowers will lift the burden for a little while from some sorely oppressed heart. But why stop here? Would it not be well with the orange or bit of cake to give the stranger a text of Scripture, or say a word for our Master?

Let us never forget there is one better than mother—more loving, more willing and able to help. God is not only our Father, but our Mother. The characteristics of both parents centre in Him. This is also true of Jesus, our elder Brother. How tender and sympathetic was He! Did ever mother or sister show such love as He did while He sojourned here? See Him in Bethany in social life, or comforting the mourning sisters in their hour of bereavement. Witness His benevolence as well as His power, as in Capernaum and elsewhere He heals the sick and restores the dead to life.

Do we realise that Jesus is still able and willing to help the needy? If so, why not go to Him, or lead others to Him? He will not disdain the humblest one who seeks His sympathy and assistance. He stands in the hospital and in the home, by the bedside of every suffer, and near the heart of every weary wanderer. When you feel the want of something, whether a bit of mother's cake or something else you cannot get, go with your longing soul to Jesus.—*Christian Intelligen[cer].*

Question Corner.—No. 3.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What evangelist had four daughters which did prophesy?
2. What was Paul's native city?
3. In connection with what act do we first hear of Paul.
4. By whom and to whom was it said "Thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad"?

ACROSTIC.

The initials give a character spoken of by our Lord in a parable. I and J are the same in old English, and are so used here.

1. What plants are spoken of in Genesis 3: 18;
2. In Luke 15: 16?
3. What jewel, the color of a plant or of the sea, in Rev. 4: 3?
4. What tree in John 12: 13?
5. What flower in Isaiah 35: 1?
6. What tree in Romans 11: 17?
7. What fruit in 2 Chronicles 31: 5? (Margin.)
8. What tree in 1 Kings 19: 4?
9. What plant in Jonah 4: 6?
10. What nut in Ecclesiastes 12: 5?
11. What flowers in Luke 12: 27?
12. What perfume in John 12: 3?
13. What vegetable in Numbers 11: 5?
14. What pest in Hosea 9. 6?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO 3.

1. The apostle Paul.
2. He started from Antioch in Syria, visited Seleucia, Salamis and Paphos in Cyprus, Perga in Pamphylia, Antioch in Pisidia, Iconium, Lystra, Derbe, and then returned through the same cities to Attalia and sailed for Antioch.
3. 13 and 14.
4. [In]e four journeys, the last one being [to].

60.

ENIGMA.

[C]
[C]

[o]

Finals—BETHLEHEM

RECEIVED.

[An]n received from H[enry], *Lizzie A. Fooe.* [Je]sse French.

SCHOLA — 5.

(From International Quarterly Teacher.)

Studies in the Acts of the Apostles.

LESSON XI.—MARCH 15.

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.—ACTS 25: 1-13.

COMMIT VERSES 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT

And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest.—Acts 26: 15.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Gospel is shown to be true by what it does for men.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 25 : 13-27.
T. Acts 26: 1-18.
W. Acts 9 : 1-20.
Th. Matt. 17 : 1-9.
F. Gal. 1 : 11-24.
Sa. Luke 1 : 67-80.
Su. Isa. 42: 1-12.

INTRODUCTION.—Paul had lain in prison at *Cesarea when a change was made in governors.* Immediately on his arrival in Jerusalem (July 1-12), the leading Jews ask the governor to send Paul to Jerusalem intending to kill him. The governor refuses, and summons the Jews to Cesarea. They accuse Paul bitterly. Paul denies the charges, but, fearing lest the governor be persuaded to send him to Jerusalem, he appeals to Cæsar, and it is determined to send him to Rome for trial; but Festus can find no charges to send with him. King Agrippa and *his sister Bernice* about this time visit Festus, and Paul is called before him, in order that he, being a Jew by education, may discover some accusation.

THE TRIAL SCENE.—(1) THE PLACE—Herod's judgment-hall or palace. (2) THE PRISONER—Paul, aged 58, bound by one hand to a Roman soldier. (3) THE JUDGES—Festus, of good character, comparatively; Agrippa, a bad, hard man; Bernice, his sister, living with him as his wife. (4) THE AUDIENCE—The leading people of Cesarea, *officials in their rich robes, military* officers in gorgeous uniforms and a brilliant assembly.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

3. EXPERT—Agrippa was trained as a Jew, and had studied their sacred books. His father, though not a Jew, lived in the Jewish ways 5. STRAITEST—most exact, particular. 7. *On* TWELVETRIBES—The nation as a whole. Many of what are called the lost ten tribes were mingled with the tribe of Judah, and the Jews were a commingling of all the tribes. 11. COMPELLED—strove to compel. 14. PRICKS—goads with which oxen were driven; the more they kicked against them the worse they were hurt.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long did Paul remain in prison at Cesarea? What change was made in the governors of Judea? What did the Jews ask of the new governor? Where were they summoned to accuse Paul? What was the result of this trial? Why did Paul appeal to Cæsar? How was this aiding him in his desire to go to Rome? Who came to visit Festus? What favor did Festus ask of them? Why? What trial was now held? Who were the audience? Was this a favorable time to preach the Gospel?

SUBJECT: THE GOSPEL DEFENDED AND PROVED.

I. BECAUSE IT IS THE FULFILMENT OF GOD'S PROMISES (vs 1-7.)—How did Paul open his address? What can you tell about Agrippa? What special fitness had he for judging Paul's case? What does Paul say of his charge? Why does he refer to this? What was the promise made by God to the fathers? (Job 19: 25; Dan. 12: 2, 3; Luke 20: 37, 38; Ps. 72: 8-11; Isa. 7; 10: 1-22; Dan. 7: 9, 10, 14, 27.) How did the Israelites feel toward this promise? Meaning of "instantly serving God day and night"? How was the Gospel a fulfilment of this hope? How does this show the truth of the Gospel.

II. BECAUSE IT IS REASONABLE (v. 8).—How did Paul come now to speak of the resurrection? Why was it not incredible? Had they been raised from the dead? (1 Kings 17: 22, 23; 2 Kings 4: 32-35; 13: 21; see also Luke 20: 37, 38.) Is the Gospel reasonable? Are all its teachings reasonable?

III. BECAUSE OF THE WONDERFUL CHANGES IT WORKS IN INDIVIDUALS (vs. 9-18).—Give a brief account of Paul's conversion? Did he see Jesus in the bright light? What did he hear him say? Was this a proof that Jesus was living and divine? (v. 15; ch. 9: 17.) Meaning of "hard to kick against the pricks"? How did it apply to Paul? How does it apply to us? What change was wrought in Paul? How do the wonderful changes the Gospel works in the character of men prove the truth of the Gospel?

IV. BECAUSE OF ITS RESULTS IN THE WORLD (vs. 16-18.—Why did Jesus appear to Paul? Was he to have new light? How does this bear upon the inspiration of his epistles? What was to be the effect of the Gospel? What is the darkness referred to? How does the Gospel bring light? What are the four steps in the Gospel work, in v. 18? What is the inheritance of the saints?

PRACTICAL SU[illegible]GESTIONS.

I. The hopes and p[illegible]
ment are fulfilled i[illegible]

II. The Gospel i[illegible]
changes it has wro[illegible]

III. It is prove[illegible]
Note the results o[illegible]
forming nations.

IV. When God c[illegible]
calls us to some wo[illegible]

V. Christian knowl[illegible]
progressive.

VI. We should g[illegible]
turning men from
kingdom of God.

Studies in the Acts of the Apostles.

LESSON XII.—MARCH 22.

PAUL VINDICATED.—ACTS 26: 19-32.

COMMIT VERSES 22, 23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Having, therefore, obtained help of God, I continue unto this day.—Acts 26: 22.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God calls us; let us obey.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 26: 1-18.
T. Acts 26: 19-32.
W. Matt. 3: 1-12.
Th. Isa. 53: 1-12.
F. Isa. 60: 1-22.
Sa. John 10: 1-21.
Su. Luke 18: 18-30.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

19. WHEREUPON—after seeing Christ and hearing him before Damascus. 20. THAT THEY SHOULD REPENT—Paul's preaching was practical. This, and the following, was the aim of his labors. 21. CAUGHT ME IN THE TEMPLE—(see Acts 21: 26-31) two years before. 23. RISE FROM THE DEAD—his Saviour and King was a living Saviour, and divine. 27. I KNOW THAT THOU BELIEVEST—he believed with the head, not the heart. 28. ALMOST THOU PERSUADEST ME—there are three interpretations of this phrase: (1) As given here. (2) As in the Revised Version, "With but little persuasion thou wouldst fain make me a Christian." Do you expect to change me with so little argument as you can use in this brief speech? (3) "In a little time thou persuadest me"; i.e., either seriously, "if you keep on, you will soon persuade me," or ironically, "Do you expect to persuade me in this brief time?" 29. WERE BOTH ALMOST AND ALTOGETHER—or as in the Revised Version, "Whether with little or with much"; or as Alford, "Both in small measure and in great."

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Paul? How long since his imprisonment? Before what audience was he speaking? What point in the history of his conversion had he reached in his address?

SUBJECT: DIFFERENT WAYS OF TREATING GOD'S INVITATIONS.

I. PAUL'S WAY (vs. 19-23).

(1) OBEDIENCE.—To what "heavenly vision" does Paul refer? To what had God in this vision called him? How did Paul break the call? How do we find similar invitations? (Isa. 55: 1; Matt. 4: 17; 11: 28-30; Rev. 22: 17.) How have you treated these invitations? How far does our salvation depend on God, and how far on ourselves?

(2) WORKS FOR CHRIST.—What did Paul do as soon as converted? In what places did he preach? Meaning of "coasts"? Do we really love Christ want to tell others of him? By whose help did Paul continue in the Christian life and work?

(3) TEACHINGS.—What was the practical teaching of Paul? (v. 20.) What is repentance? What is it to turn to God? What are the works meet for repentance? What was his doctrinal teaching? Where were these things taught in the Old Testament? Is Christ the centre of all true Christian doctrine?

II. FESTUS' WAY (vs. 24-25).—What did Festus think of Paul's teachings. Why did Paul seem to him to be a lunatic? Does the Christian life seem thus to any persons now? When are the ones mad or beside themselves"? What was Paul's reply to Festus?

III. AGRIPPA'S WAY (vs. 26-29).—What was King Agrippa's knowledge of the Gospel? What was his belief? Did his faith and knowledge make him a Christian? What was lacking? What did he say to Paul? Was he sincere? What would it have cost him to become a Christian? What was Paul's answer? What had Paul that was superior to what Agrippa possessed? What exception did Paul make? Apply this to the Christians' desire that all men should be like them?

IV. THE VINDICATION (v. 30-32).—What was the result of this hearing? Why was it better for Paul that he was not set at liberty?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. God gives us all a call to the Christian life.

II. We must each for himself decide whether we will obey the call.

III. As soon as we know Christ we should seek to lead others to him.

IV. Our teachings should be both practical and doctrinal.

V. True repentance will be proved by its fruits.

VI. An earnest, devoted, self-denying Christian seems to be beside himself in the eyes of the worldly.

VII. There is no madness so great as the neglect of eternal life for the sake of worldly pleasures.

VIII. One may know the truth, and believe it, and yet not be a Christian.

"ALMOST THERE."

BY REV. T. D. WITHERSPOON, D. D.

[illegible]ssage lay on my study-table. What [illegible]uld not be startled by its sudden [illegible]e significance? "Our Katie was [illegible]ill last night. The doctors say [illegible]hope. Please come at once." [illegible]ssible! Katie, the very picture [illegible]ealth, the very impersonation [illegible]eauty! Katie the lighthearted, [illegible]e romping girl, the very life [illegible]al gatherings! Why, it seems [illegible]nt I listened to her ringing [illegible]into the merry face that [illegible]to have been shadowed with a thought of death. How will she dare to face the king of terrors, this young, light-hearted, frolicsome thing? Thus I soliloquized with myself as I hurried to the scene of distress. True it had been just a year now since Katie had stood before the pulpit and made her confession of Christ. True also, in all that time I could recall no instance in which she had in anyway compromised her Christian character. She had renounced at some sacrifice the amusements forbidden by the church. She had been punctual and apparently happy in attention to her religious duties. There had never been anything irreverent, or indecorous in her mirth. "May there not have been," I found myself asking as I approached the door, "some deep undercurrent of spiritual life of which we who watched her were not fully aware?" May she not after all "be ready for her Lord when he cometh"?

To my first question on entering the house, which was as to her physical condition, the answer of the attending physician was but too decisive. A few hours at most was all that we could hope for. To my second question, addressed to the mother, "Has anything been said to her about preparation for death?" the answer came, "Oh, how could we say anything to her? poor thing, she never thought of dying in her life. It would frighten her to death." "And yet she must know it." "Oh, yes; we want you to tell her; but, oh; do it as gently as you can." So, taking only the mother with me to the bedside, I said in the calmest tone I could command, "How are you this evening, Katie?" A smile of recognition and the softly-whispered words, "Almost there." I could with difficulty restrain the outburst of the mother's anguish, as I replied, "Almost where, Katie?" Another bright smile. "At the end of the journey." "And that end is heaven?" With a bright look upward, "Yes." For one moment I had to soothe the torrent of struggling emotion in the breast of the heroic mother, and then amid the solemn stillness I asked one question more, "And are you ready, Katie?" "I am not only ready, but if it is the Lord's will, I am glad to go."

I will not unveil further the secrets of that chamber which seemed nearer to heaven than to earth, but as I walked away in the calm starlight I thought, What a transcendent power there is in the religion of Christ! What unheralded victories it wins, and what silent but potent influence it is often wielding in hearts that are themselves perhaps all unconscious of its power! How wonderful that this young girl, who had everything to live for, who had never had a reasonable wish denied, in the midst of home, wealth, friends, all that heart could wish, was not only willing, but even glad, to leave all at the Master's call! And how much divine grace is often effecting in young hearts all unknown to us.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

HOW TO BECOME HAPPY.

Many young persons are ever thinking over some new ways of adding to their pleasures. They always look for chances for more "fun," more joy.

Once there was a wealthy and powerful king, full of care and very unhappy. He heard of a man famed for his wisdom and piety, and found him in a cave on the borders of a wilderness.

"Holy man," said the king, "I come to learn how I may be happy.

Without making a reply, the wise man led the king over a rough path, till he brought him in front of a high rock, on the top of which an eagle had built her nest.

"Why has the eagle built her nest yonder?"

"Doubtless," answered the king, "that it may be out of danger."

"Then imitate the bird," said the wise man; "build thy home in heaven, and thou shalt have peace and happiness."—*Child's World.*

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THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James street, Montreal, by John Dougall & Son, composed of John Dougall and James D. Dougall, of New York and John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.